

[Judge P. F. Brown]

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[?]

Warren, Ivey G.

November 14, 1936. Words 1250

Lubbock [County?]

District 17. 240

Tales of Early Days. [In Lubbock County]

Pg 1 [?] Bibliography.

Judge P. F. Brown.

Lubbock, Tex.

Judge P. F. Brown came to Lubbock in 1891. He was about 28 years old then and had been teaching school in the East for several years. After he came to Lubbock he taught in the Central Ward School under J. K. [?], who not only taught school, but [?] took a great interest in politics, and at times made trips back to Tennessee, his native state , to [take?] active part in political campaigns. Judge Brown however entered into politics in his own vicinity and came out for County Judge. He traveled all over the adjoining counties in those early days and gives a vivid description of this country when the cattle grazed in pastures of hundreds of [acres?] and cowboys rode the range. "In 1894 when I was running for County Judge, and I decided [decided? to go over into Cochran county and to see a man over there," Judge Brown said. " This man John W. Gordon was an old bachelor and

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owned considerable property - but he lived in a dugout, which was located about six miles from one of his ranch houses. I was driving a horse to a buggy and it was almost dark when I got there. I had planned to spend the night with him, so I just drove around to the side of the corral .? I unhitched my horse and fed him, I had from a sack of grain I had brought along in the buggy for him. The old bachelor was not at home, but as he had the habit of prowling around in the pastures at night. I supposed that he was out seeing about his cattle and would show up in a little while, so I went on down into the dugout and hunted up something to eat. In the dim light of the little brass lamp I found three or four pieces of dried steak that had been cooked and made my supper off of that. I was tired, and pretty soon I crawled into his home-made bunk and the next thing I know it was getting day-light. I began to think about breakfast and made up my mind that I would drive over to the ranch house - I knew I could just about make the six miles in time to sit down to the table with the ranchman ranchhand and his family. I thought [too?] that the old ranchman might be over there. [???] 2 Warren, Ivey G.

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I was driving along in a pretty fast gait when I caught glimpse of something white and yellow shining in the sunlight. [???] It was a big lobo wolf, standing about a couple of hundred yards from the road. [????????????????????] [????] He had his head up, and was facing the east. That was as a pretty [?] sight as ever I saw in the Plains country. But I hurried on and was soon eating my breakfast with the ranch-hand and I found the old bachelor there too, so I got my business attended to over there.

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I saw two other lobe wolves [??] the year before that, 1893 and as far as I know these were the last [?] lobe wolves that seen in this country. I was [?] riding through Double Mountain Fork in the Yellow House Canyon when I saw two ravenous wolves literally eating a yearling alive. I had heard the yearling bawling and taking on before I got around the Canyon Peak to where I could see and when I rode into view I saw the yearling struggling on the ground over there in the [I O A?] pasture and the wolves were tearing the flesh from one of the poor animals legs. Judge Brown sighed and it was plain that even after all of these years that the recalling of this scene still touched a sympathetic cord in his heart. " I didn't have a gun," he said regretfully. " The wolves ran off a short distance and stood watching me, of / course the they went back and devoured the helpless yearling after I left."

" We had a panther in our part of the country one time too. That was [??] when I was on my ranch down-here north of Post. My ? friends? called my ranch Brown's Ranch, but most of the ranches down there were spoken of as north [?] [?] south of the [?] Twenty-two Lane. This was a tract of unfenced land belonging to the Hensley Brothers, and an all of the land on either side and adjoining pastures were was [fenced?] this left this place running between the other ranches in the shape of a lane and it became widly known over the plains as the Twenty-two Lane. [Well?], when I heard that panther I didn't know what it was. It sound sounded to me sort of like the ? ?] a bunch of boys ? usually make when they are out playing ball" Judge Brown leaned back [?????????] in his chair and held his hands together as if he were expecting a ball to curve into his direction most any 3 Warren, Ivey G.

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minute. "That was what it sounded like and it seemed to me as if I could just see them [?] This fellow here had thrown the ball away yonder and the boy down there was running [?] and holding up his hands - and all the other boys were laughing, and clapping their hands. It was like that, clapping, and laughing and [hollering?]. I [sat?] / up in bed and listened, then it came again down by the draw. Of / course I know it couldn't be boys playing ball way out there on the ranch in the middle of the night. I always was a light sleeper and that night I was kind of worried about my cows too. The day before we had taken a big bunch of cattle down to the Santa Fee stock-yards. The Santa Fee let me put my cattle in their pens and so I had the calves out away from the cows and was holding them in the pens, while we brought the cows back up to my ranch. The cows bawled and milled around so I got afraid they would break out and I went and got on my pony and rode around the fence keeping them back until about [10'?] O'clock when it began to rain, [??????] and I had to go in the house . It must have been about an hour or so later when that strange noise [woke?] me. After awhile I got to sleep again and the next morning the first thing I did was to go out and [?] the fence. It was still holding the cattle and I went in to breakfast. Then my [?] hired man came [?] in. "Did you hear that panther last night! he asked me. " Panther, " I said." The judge laughed. " My hired mann said he had heard a many one and that he went out of his tent and listened. He said it was down by the draw".

Judge Brown said they went down there and found the panther's tracts where he had crossed a field and [gone?] into Davis Draw after / that they tracked him into a pasture and found where he had killed a calf the night before and eaten part it, they lost [??] trace of it on Indian Ridge. Indian Ridge was named by Rollie C. Burns, after he and one of the Sanders boys found a cow which had been [dead?] only a few hours and it had

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several arrow [?] in it. Judge Brown explains that this Sanders boy was a cousin to the [?] Sanders, who [????] have the Sanders Funeral Home In Lubbock. 1 Life history

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pg. 1 TALES OF EARLY DAYS IN LUBBOCK COUNTY

Judge P. F. Brown came to Lubbock in 1891. He was about 28 years old and had been teaching school in the East for several years. After he came to Lubbock he taught two years in a little one teacher school from 1892 to 1894, the political activities took him from the class rooms for a few years, but he returned to his old profession in [1908?] and taught two years, 1908- 1910 under E. R. Waynes. After this he taught four years, 1910 - 1914, in the Central Ward School under J. K. Wester, who not only taught school, but took a great interest in politics and at times made trips back to Tennessee, his native state, to take active part in polotical campaigns. Judge Brown however had already entered into politics it his own vicinity and had come out for County Judge, was elected and served from 1895 to 1899. He traveled all over the adjoining counties in those early days and given a vivid description of this country when cattle grazed in pastures of thousands of acres and cowboys rode the range.

"[?] saw two lobo wolves in 1893 when I was riding through Yellow House Canyon on day. "Judge Brown said. "They were literally eating a yearling alive. I had heard the yearling bawling and taking on before I got around the Canyon Peak to where I could see and when I rode into view [!?] saw the yearling struggling on the ground over there in the

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IOA pasture and the wolves were tearing the flesh from one of the poor animal's legs." Judge Brown sighed and it was plain that even after all of these years that the recalling of this scene still touched a sympathetic cord in his heart. "I did not have a gun," he said regretfully. "The wolves ran off a short distance and stood watching me, of course they went back and devoured the helpless yearling after I left."

"After that when I was [running?] for County Judge, I decided to go over into Cochran County to see a man," Judge Brown continued. "This man John W. Gordon was an old bachelor and owned considerable property - but he lived in a dugout, 2 Warren, Ivey G. P.W.

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and he had his ranch headquarters in this dugout. I was driving a horse to a buggy and it [was?] after night when I got there. I had planned to [spend?] the night with him, so I just drove around to the side of his field and unhitched my horse and fed him, from a sack of grain I had brought along in the buggy for him. The old bachelor [?] not at home, but as he had the habit of prowling around in the pastures [?] night, I [supposed?] that he was out seeing about his cattle and would [shoe?] up in a little while, so I went on down into the dugout and hunted up something to eat. In the dim light of the little brass lamp I found three or/ four pieces of dried steak that had been cooked and made that my supper of that. I was tired and pretty soon I crawled into his home-made bunk and the next thing

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I knew it was getting day-light. I began think about breakfast and made up my mind that I would drive over to one of the ranch houses which was [located?] about six miles from the dugout. The ranch houses were nothing but [?], hardly [fit?] for anyone to live in, and the old [ranchman?] usually just put a single man in a [shack?], when he [needed?] help with the cattle, but that year he had a man with a family in the [shack?] nearest the dugout headquarters. I knew I could just about make the six miles in time to sit down to the table with the ranch-hand his family. I thought too that the [ranchman?] might be over there. I was driving along in a pretty fast [gait?] when I caught a glimpse of something white and yellow shinning in the sunlight. It was a big lobe wolf, standing a couple of hundred yards from the road. He had his head up and was facing the east. That was as pretty a sight as ever I saw in the Plains country, and as far as I know this was the last lobe wolf that was seen on the Plains. I got my breakfast at the shack and found the old bachelor out in the field nearby, so I got my business attended to over there."

"We had a panther in our part of the country one time too." Judge Brown recalled. "That was in 1916 when I was on my ranch north of Post. My friends called my ranch Brown's Ranch, but most of the ranchers down there in early times spoke of this ranch as the Twenty-Two [?]. This was a tract of unfenced land 3 Warren, Ivey G. P.W.

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belonging to the Hensley Brothers, and [as?] all of the land on either side and adjoining pastures were fenced, this left this place running between the other [rancher?] in the [shape?] of a lane and it became widely known over the plains as the Twenty-Two Lane. Well when I heard that panther I didn't know what it was. It sounded to me [?] of like the hurrah a bunch of boys make when they are out playing ball." Judge Brown leaned back in his chair and held his hands together as if he were expecting a ball to curve into his direction [most?] any minute. " That was what it sounded like and it seemed to me as if I could just see them. This fellow here had thrown the ball away yonder and the boys down there was running and holding up his hands - and all the other boys were laughing and clapping their hands. It was like that, clapping, and laughing and hollering. I [sat?] up in bed and listened, then it came again - of course I knew it couldn't be boys playing ball way out there on the ranch in the middle of the night. I always was a light sleeper and that night I was kind of worried about my cows too. The day before we had taken a big bunch of cattle down to the [Santa?] Fee stock-yards. The Santa Fee let me put my cattle in their pens and so I had the calves cut away from the cows and was holding them in the pens, while we brought the cows back up to my ranch. The cows bawled and milled around so I got afraid they would break out and I went and got on my pony and rode around the fence keeping them back until about [10?] o'clock when it began to rain, and I had to go in the house. It must have been about an hour or so later when that strange noise woke me. After awhile I got to sleep again and the next morning the first thing I did was to go out and [examine?] the fence. It was still holding the cattle and I went in to breakfast. Then my hired man came in. "Did you hear that panther last night?" He asked me. "Panther," I said." The Judge laughed. " My hired man said he had heard a many one/ and that he went out of his tent and listened. He said it was over [west?] toward the field."

Judge Brown said they went down there and found the panther's tracks where he had crossed a road and [gone?] toward Indian Ridge. After that a neighbor told them that he found the [carcass?] of a calf - that had been killed and partly eaten by this panther. 4 Warren, Ivey G. [PW?]

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They lost trace of it on Indian Ridge. Indian Ridge was named by Rollie C. Burnes after he and one of the Sanders boys found a cow which had been dead only a few hours and it had several arrow points in it. Judge Brown explains that this Sanders boy was a cousin to the Sanders who conduct the Sanders Funeral Home in Lubbock. [BIBLIOGRAPHY?]

Judge P. [?]. Brown..... Lubbock, Texas.